



THE OWL'S ADVICE.

"I WANT to look wise!" said Maud one day;
 "I want to look clever and wise!"
 "Oh! oh!" said the owl, as he sat on a
 spray,
 And blinked as in solemn surprise;
 "You had better by far remain as you are,
 And learn to be clever and wise!"
 Then echoed the birds as they sat in a row,
 "You hear what he says; you'd better,
 you know,
 Just learn to be clever and wise!"
 —*Little Folks.*

THE GREAT LAMP.

A VENERABLE minister smiled down on
 his congregation composed of Sunday-
 school boys and girls, and said: "Dear
 children, can you tell me what a lamp is?"
 And they looked at him and at one an-
 other, and murmured, some of them, con-
 fused answers, and hung their heads shyly.
 "What! Does nobody know what a
 lamp is?" he exclaimed with surprise.
 All at once he heard a voice: "Some-
 thing to hold a light, sir."
 "That's just right," was the minister's
 ready reply. "An empty lamp is of no use
 in the dark. Can you repeat a text which
 mentions the Bible as being like a lamp?"
 Without waiting a moment the same
 young voice rang out again: "Thy word is
 the lamp unto my feet."
 "Ah, yes," said the aged minister. "The
 Bible is a lamp giving light to the whole
 world. And how about the light of chil-
 dren? where shall we find that?"
 "In the Lord Jesus. He says, 'I am the
 light of the world.'" And again it was
 the same voice.
 "One child answers well," said the min-
 ister, and he scanned the sea of faces to
 discover who it was.

A little girl told him it was blind
 Arthur.

Yes, it was blind Arthur Beatty
 who answered so correctly about
 God's glorious lamp and its still
 more glorious light. The minister
 told his little hearers never to try
 to go even a few steps on life's
 journey without their precious lamp,
 or they would stumble into trouble
 and sin. He asked them, as I also
 ask you, dear children, to learn all
 they possibly could of God's word,
 so that they might not at another
 time be so unready with their
 answers, and, more than all, because
 the light shines brightest on the
 path of those who study the Lamp
 and know it the best.—*Exchange.*

A GOOD WAY TO HELP.

"I WISH I could do something to help
 you in getting along, mamma," said little
 Jim.

"You are too small to do anything, dear:
 you must wait till you are older," answered
 his mother.

But Jim thought he would like to try.
 His father was dead and his mother was
 very poor, so he asked her to let him try to
 find some work, and she said he might.

He brushed his hair, washed his hands
 and dressed himself neatly, and went out to
 ask the men in the stores if they could give
 him something to do.

"What can such a little fellow as you
 do?" asked a butcher, looking kindly at
 him.

"I can do exactly what I am told," said
 Jim.

"Well, my little man," said the butcher,
 "if you can do that it is more than many
 bigger boys can do."

The butcher could not give him work,
 but he took him into a grocery store and
 asked the grocer if he could find work for
 another boy. After a little talk the grocer
 thought they could let Jim run some
 errands if he came the next day.

So Jim ran home in great glee and told
 his mother he had found a place.

When Jim went to work the boy that
 wrapped up the packages turned up his
 nose at "such a little fellow," but Jim
 showed that he could do what he said—
exactly as he was told.

You may be sure the grocer was pleased
 with him, and found a place for him in the
 store. Those who are faithful in doing
 what they are told will find plenty to do
 sooner or later.

Don't you think that Jim was glad and
 proud when he carried his first earnings
 home to his mother?

YE HAPPY BELLS OF EASTER DAY.

Ye happy bells of Easter Day!

Ring, ring your joy

Thro' earth and sky—

Ye ring a glorious word,

The notes that swell in gladness tell
 The rising of the Lord.

Ye carol-bells of Easter Day!

The teeming earth,

That saw his birth

When lying 'neath the sward,

Upspringeth now in joy, to show
 The rising of the Lord.

Ye glory-bells of Easter Day!

The hills that rise

Against the skies,

Re-echo with the word—

The victor-breath that conquers death—
 The rising of the Lord!

Ye passion-bells of Easter Day!

The bitter cup

He lifted up,

Salvation to afford.

Ye saintly-bells your passion tells
 The rising of the Lord!

Ye mercy-bells of Easter Day!

His tender side

Was riven wide

Where floods of mercy poured!

Redeemed clay doth sing to-day
 The rising of the Lord!

Ye victor-bells of Easter Day!

The thorny crown

He layeth down:

Ring! ring! with strong accord—

The mighty strain of love and pain,
 The rising of the Lord!

A LITTLE BOY'S MISTAKE.

A LITTLE girl in Yorkshire, about seven
 years of age, went, accompanied by a brother
 younger than herself, to see an aunt who
 lay dead. On their return home, the little
 boy expressed his surprise that he had
 seen his aunt, saying—"I always thought
 when people were dead, they went to
 heaven; but my aunt is not, for I saw her."
 "Brother," replied his sister, "I fear you do
 not understand it: it is not the body that
 goes to heaven, it is 'the think' that goes
 to heaven; the body remains, and it is put
 into the grave, where it sleeps till God shall
 raise it up again."